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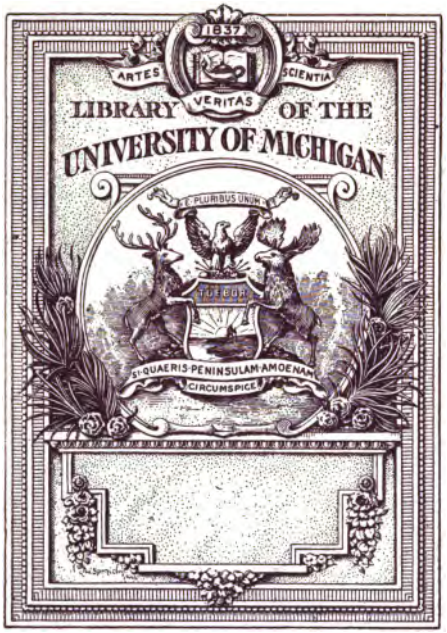

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CORIDON'S SONG

And other Verses

A JOURNEY TO EXETER.

U of N

devotes to it in her excellent manual, yet it has haunted one idle brain for a quarter of a century and more. And it is not so much its central idea which endures, as the skilful presentment of that idea, with its revel of rhyme—its "mark ace" and "cigar-case," its "alas! mine" and "jasmine," its "keepsake" and "leaps, ache" (surely this last is as neat as Calverley's historical "dovetail" and "love tale"!)—tours de force *which, to minds then less familiar with such dexterities, seemed scarcely short of miraculous. Perhaps, in the present day, it might be hinted that—for the modern rules of the game—the license of rhyming on proper names was used too freely. But this is to seek knots in a reed: and the lines at once regain their ancient charm to the votary who renews his study of them:—*

> "I keep my prints, an imbroglio,
> Fifty in one portfolio.
> When somebody tries my claret,
> We turn round chairs to the fire,
> Chirp over days in a garret,
> Chuckle o'er increase of salary,
> Taste the good fruits of our leisure,
> Talk about pencil and lyre,
> And the National Portrait Gallery:
> Then I exhibit my treasure."

"*Talk of the National Portrait Gallery,*" *only necessary in Browning's case for the fitter exhibition of his leading idea, would not, by the way, be ill-timed at the present moment, when, at last, there is some nearing prospect of the transfer, at*

least to "an ampler ether," if not to "a diviner air," of the art-treasures so long buried in a corner at Bethnal Green. But it is not of Mr. George Scharf's portraits, or of their new Valhalla at Trafalgar Square, that we now purpose to speak: it is rather of the "pencil and lyre" in the poet's preceding line. The lyre here is the lyre of Gay, of Swift, of Fielding—of that supreme "inheritor of unfulfilled renown," the imperishable "Anon.": the pencil is one already exercised successfully on "Cranford," and "Our Village," and Goldsmith's "Vicar"—the pencil of Mr. HUGH THOMSON. *If the reader cannot "chuckle with us over increase of salary," or (in retrospect) "chirp over days in a garret," he can certainly pause for a space while we "exhibit our treasure"; and, as from a visionary portfolio, draw forth the pictures and poems which follow. Only, seeing that the accomplished Artist may read this "Introduction," we shall spare his blushes by letting his pleasant sketches speak for themselves, confining our office in the main to running comment on the verses he has chosen for embellishment.*

Coridon's Song, pp. 1–17.

Integros accedere fontes, atque haurire—*seems to have been Mr. Thomson's motto in his earliest selections, for it is in Walton's "Angler" that he finds his first sources of inspiration. Of the author of the song which Coridon the Country man sings to Piscator and Master Peter, we know but little, so little that it has even been profanely suggested that his name should be Harris rather*

than John Chalkhill, that reputed "Acquaintant of Edmund Spenser," and assumed composer of the "Pastoral History in smooth and easie Verse" which Walton put forth in 1683 *under the title of "Thealma and Clearchus." Indeed, in some aids to learning, the book is roundly ascribed to Walton himself. But the modern investigator—who must always be meddling—has discovered there was actually existent in Walton's day a "Jo. Chalkhill, Gent.," who probably wrote verse, easy and otherwise; and who, in spite of insinuations to the contrary, may really have been the inventor of this most desirable carol with its artless—*

"heigh trolollie lollie loe,
heigh trolollie lee,"

and its new-old, old-new variation upon that time-honoured and delusive contrast between the Country and the Town which hath ever been the dream of those who "study to be quiet":—

"For Courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tried;
heigh trolollie lollie loe,
heigh trolollie lee,
The City full of wantonness,
and both are full of pride:
Then care away,
and wend along with me."

"I shall love you for it as long as I know you," says honest Piscator. "I would you were a brother of the Angle, for a companion that is cheerful and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is

worth gold." "*I love (he says once more) such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning*" — *a sentiment to which, were not the idea as old as Plato, one might fancy a resemblance in the later "mirth that, after, no repenting draws" of a certain austere John Milton. And so farewell, Master Coridon! Yours was a good song, and a merry, whoever be the author!*

The Angler's Song, pp. 19–39.

It is from another self-proclaimed "acquaintant" of the poet of the "Faerie Queene" that Piscator borrows his reply—a reply for which (according to the flattered Coridon) "Anglers are all beholding." Piscator's song, he himself tells us, was lately composed "at my request by Mr. William Basse, *one that has made the choice Songs of the* Hunter in his carrere, *and of* Tom of Bedlam, *and many others of note." Time has dealt capriciously with this same William Basse. He was the friend of Browne and Wither and Ben Jonson, as well as of Spenser and Walton; and when Shakespeare died, he wrote upon him an elegy wherein he bids him make his fourfold bed with Chaucer and Beaumont and Spenser—*

"Vntill Doomesdaye, for hardly will a fift
Betwixt y^{s} day and y^{t} by Fate be slayne,
For whom your Curtaines may be drawn againe"

—a sentiment which, besides something of the spacious Elizabethan spirit, has also the merit of a not-discredited prediction. Yet the bulk of

Basse's work, unpublished during his life, remained uncollected until last year, when he was born out of due time in Mr. Warwick Bond's handsome and scholarly edition. On the whole, however, it is impossible to regard him as anything but a diluted Spenserian. His flat pastoral fertility is more curious than edifying, and prompts the suspicion that there must have been just a touch of friendly log-rolling about Walton's praise of his lyric gift, since it is not greatly conspicuous in the pair of pieces mentioned, neither of which excels the "Angler's Song." And even in that the weightiest line is the first ("As inward love breeds outward talk"). Still—leaving open the question whether your thorough-paced fisherman can really read at his craft—one must confess a "contemplative" ease in the stanza—

> "Of recreation there is none
> So free as fishing is alone;
> All other pastimes do no less
> Than mind and body both possess;
> My hand alone my work can do,
> So I can fish and study too."

"Who liveth so merry," pp. 41-52.

The "Compleat Angler" comes about midway between the next two selections. "Who liveth so merry" is from the "Deuteromelia" of 1609, *the date of Shakespeare's "Sonnets": "Come, Sweet Lass," from "Pills to Purge Melancholy," which brings us nigh to Dryden's "Fables" and* 1700. *The "Deuteromelia" is a thin quarto of some fifteen leaves, with a preface that might have been written by Holofernes.* Vt Mel Os, sic Cor melos afficit,

& reficit—*says a motto in its highly elaborate title-page; and it was printed at London for Thomas Adams, dwelling in Paule's Church-yard "at the signe of the white Lion." The author was one Thomas Ravenscroft, sometime chorister of Paul's and graduate of Cambridge, whose "4-part psalms" were considered by that eminent connoisseur, Mr. Samuel Pepys, to be "most admirable musique." Already, earlier in* 1609, *Ravenscroft had published a series of rounds and canons entitled "Pammelia," of which "Deuteromelia" is the sequel. Turning its pages, one comes upon the lively catch of "Hold thy peace, thou knave," which Feste the Clown, and Sir Toby Belch, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek sing together in Act II. of "Twelfth Night"—a catch, as Sir Toby says, calculated to "draw three souls out of one weaver." A later ditty given in the book suggested the title borne by a famous chronicle of Mr. Rudyard Kipling:—*

"Wee be Souldiers three,
Pardona moy ie vous an pree,
Lately come forth of the low country
With neuer a penny of mony.
Fa la la la lantido dilly."

(*The French of Flanders, it should be observed, apparently left something to be desired in the matter of spelling.*) *Then follows at p.* 18, *with its pleasant suggestion of old street cries and open-air callings, the "Freemen's Song" for four voices that Mr. Thomson has here illustrated, the moral of which seems to lie in the lines—*

"Who liveth so merry, and maketh such sport,
As those that be of the poorest sort?"

—a point clearly open to argument. It is not true under Victoria: probably it was only poetically true under "Eliza and our James."

"Come, Sweet Lass," pp. 53-63.

"Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?"—asks the Clown of Sir Toby in that comedy of Shakespeare to which we have already referred. And Olivia's reprobate uncle unhesitatingly declares for a love-song, to which his led-captain, Sir Andrew, with the exaggeration of the imitator, further adds that he "cares not for good life." Our next dip in the lyric lucky-bag must assuredly have satisfied them both. It is "amatorious" enough for Sir Toby; and as an Invitation à la Danse *should have had special attractions for that expert in "Lavoltas high and swift Corantos," his companion. (Sir Andrew's leg, we all know, did "indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock.") "Come, Sweet Lass" is apparently one of the innumerable performances of that prolific Tom D'Urfey, whose words, married to the music of Purcell and Blow and Farmer, were once so well known to our ancestors. "He has been the delight of the most polite companies and conversations, from the beginning of king Charles the Second's reign to our present times," says Addison in the "Guardian"; and Pope, in his Binfield boyhood, tells his friend Cromwell that D'Urfey is "your only poet of tolerable reputation in this country." Over his voluminous plays and farces, which Collier justly attacked,*

Oblivion has discreetly "scattered her poppy"; but not a few of his songs still linger in our anthologies. One of the last testimonies to their popularity in his own day is contained in Gay's "Shepherd's Week." The references in the third and fourth lines are to D'Urfey's burlesque opera called "Wonders in the Sun," and his "ode" of the "Newmarket Horse Race":—

"A while, O *D—y*, lend an Ear or twain,
Nor, though in homely Guise, my Verse disdain,
Whether thou seek'st new Kingdoms in the Sun,
Whether thy Muse does at *New-Market* run,
Or does with Gossips at a Feast regale,
And heighten her Conceits with Sack and Ale,
Or else at Wakes with *Joan* and *Hodge* rejoice,
Where *D—y's* Lyricks swell in every Voice,
Yet suffer me, thou Bard of wondrous Meed,
Amid thy Bays to weave this rural Weed."

According to the notes to Gay's Pastorals in the admirable edition of the late Mr. John Underhill, it appears that D'Urfey supplied the words to two other old songs mentioned by Gay, "Gillian of Croydon" and "Sawney Scot." Many who could sing, and many who could not, must have blessed that tuneful memory.

Morning in London, pp. 65–79.

When Tom D'Urfey was buried in 1723 *at St. James's, Piccadilly (where there is a tablet to his memory), Steele followed him to his grave. It was in Steele's then new periodical, the "Tatler," that first appeared the piece which here succeeds to "Come, Sweet Lass." Swift's "Morning in London" (or,*

more strictly, "Morning in Town"), which Addison is supposed to have sent to "Mr. Bickerstaff" from Dublin with some of his own contributions to his friend's venture, is leagues removed from the previous verses. "An ingenious kinsman of mine" —says Steele introducing it—"has run into a way perfectly new, and described things exactly as they happen: he never forms fields, or nymphs, or groves, where they are not; but makes the incidents just as they really appear." Swift, in short, is one of the earliest of the realists, with much of their merit and most of their defects. Nothing could be surer-sighted than his inspection of the "slipshod 'prentice," the mop-whirling maid (whom he uses again in the City Shower), *the "youth with broomy stumps" (observe the nice distinction between "broomy stumps" and "stumpy broom"), the small-coal man, the bailiffs, and all the sordid rest. But his photograph of these things is taken from the seamy side, and, like his latter-day disciples, he dwells upon this by preference. Neither Steele nor Addison, one would think, could have left this picture as it is. They might perhaps have missed its microscopic view of the mean and squalid; but they would undoubtedly have added some touch of red-veined humanity to warm the composition—a pretty girl seen smiling at her glass—a child wondering in its bed at the birth of a new day. We are apt to think that Swift's contemporaries were blinder to his faults than we are. But the Anglo-Gallic Annotator of the "Babillard" was perfectly right when he condemned the petty range of the ideas. And it is not*

necessary to contend with Johnson that, since "such a number of particulars could never have been assembled by the power of recollection," Swift must have noted down what he observed. On the contrary, Steele, in penning a little caveat against possible imitators of these particular verses, goes partway towards improvising the material himself. "I bar," he says, "all descriptions of the Evening; as, a medley of verses signifying grey peas are now cried warm . . . . or of Noon; as, that fine ladies and great beaux are just yawning out of their windows in Pall-Mall."

A Journey to Exeter, pp. 81–115.

One of these imitators, in a better sense, was the poet of the pleasant rhyming epistle which follows Swift's Dutch picture. In the advertisement to "Trivia," Gay himself admits his indebtedness for "several hints" to Dr. Swift; and indeed it has always been supposed that "Morning in Town" and the "City Shower" supplied the initial suggestion for that poem. In the order of Gay's productions, the "Journey to Exeter" comes just before "Trivia." For reasons best known to the Artist, though doubtless sufficient, the introductory lines to Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, upon whose prompting, and at whose cost, the little trip was undertaken, are here omitted:—

"While you, my Lord, bid stately piles ascend,
Or in your *Chiswick* bow'rs enjoy your friend;
Where *Pope* unloads the boughs *within his reach*
The purple vine, blue plumb, and blushing peach;
I journey far."

"Within his reach," we have always supposed to be a sly stroke at the minute stature of the great Alexander. But Gay does not spare his own defects:—

"You knew *fat* Bards might tire,
And, mounted, sent me forth your trusty Squire."

Who the traveller's "two companions" were, history has not related, though he calls one Grævius:—

"Now o'er true *Roman* way our horses sound,
Grævius would kneel, and kiss the sacred ground;"

and a line or two higher he speaks of sketching them both at Dorchester as they snored in their elbow chairs. There are many drawings by Pope extant; what would one not give for this solitary croquis *of Gay! But in default of pictures with the pencil, the poem abounds in those pen sketches which are still the freshest legacy of the bard of "The Beggar's Opera." We seem to see the pigeon-feeding Solomon of Turnham Green, as he has been revealed to the Artist and denied to the antiquary; we watch the travellers riding warily over Bagshot Heath—*

"Where broken gamesters oft' repair their loss;"

we taste the red trout and "rich metheglin" of Steele's borough of Stockbridge, the lobster and "unadulterate wine" of Morecombe; we spell out on the road from Honiton—

"Where finest lace industrious lasses weave,"

the rhyming sign of that "Hand and Pen" where the rain-drenched party take shelter. And at Axminster

there is the "pretty washermaiden" (as Mr. Henley would call her) of whom Mr. Thomson has contrived so charming a portrait. But why, O why! has he forborne to draw for us that most impressive local celebrity, the female barber?

"The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her skilful hand bedeck:
Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,
Soft as when *Venus* strok'd the beard of *Jove*."

"How happy could I be," pp. 117–123.

Twelve years had passed away when John Gay composed the brief and better-known song which follows. Since, in 1728, *William Hogarth painted, for William Blake eventually to engrave, the likeness of Captain Macheath "between his twa Deborahs"—the Polly and Lucy of the "Beggar's Opera"—the couplet "How happy could I be with either, Were t'other dear Charmer away," has been an almost indispensable formula for the expression of masculine indecision in presence of conflicting feminine attractions. Nor has it been employed in this way alone, for it has done service in many another fashion of dilemma. To take but the latest example, only the other day it was triumphantly pressed by Sir William Harcourt into a discussion on the business of the House of Commons, when—to the amusement of that august body—Mr. Goschen neatly countered its Leader by completing the quotation:—*

"But while you thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say."

For this reason, it may be, Mr. Thomson has treated the song, less as an extract from the famous piece which made "Gay rich, and Rich gay," than as a cosmopolitan utterance—a cry wrung from the heart of embarrassed male humanity. It is, in fact, one of those "Eternal Verities" of which Carlyle was wont to speak—as old as Adam, as young as yesterday.

"A Hunting we will go," pp. 125–139.

Over Fielding's "Hunting Song" and "Oh! dear! what can the matter be?" we may pass more rapidly. If the play of "Don Quixote in England," from Act II. of which the first is taken, really included these verses when it was sketched by its author at Leyden, it follows that his gifts as a song-writer must have been manifested more early and more enduringly than his dramatic powers. Fielding's comedies have never held their ground; but this rollicking ditty of men and dogs, set to the fine old air "There was a jovial beggar," is still good to sing and to hear. The same play contains a suggestion of another famous lyric:—

"Oh the roast beef of old England,
And old England's roast beef!"

And one of the verses in "The dusky night rides down the sky" supplies a useful note to the "Spectator." Says the song:—

"A brushing fox in yonder wood,
Secure to find we seek;
For why, I carry'd, sound and good,
A cartload there last week."

This is precisely the practice of which Budgell accuses the provident Sir Roger de Coverley: "Indeed the Knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate Friends, that in order to establish his Reputation this Way [as a Fox-killer], he has secretly sent for great Numbers of them [Foxes] out of other Counties, which he used to turn loose about the Country by Night, that he might the better signalise himself in their Destruction the next Day."

"Oh! dear! what can the matter be?" pp. 141–149.

Upon "Oh! dear! what can the matter be?"—both words and tune of which are anonymous—little comment can be needed beyond that afforded by the illustrations. It is still among the most familiar of its old-fashioned kind, and may continue to supply subjects to the genre *painter for another century or two.*

Sir Dilberry Diddle, pp. 151–163.

"Captain (of Militia) Sir Dilberry Diddle"—the last upon our list—belongs, we should imagine, to the epoch of the "Seven Years' War." Sir Dilberry is clearly the growth of that chronic dread of invasion which prompted not only Hogarth's "France" and "England," but many another valiant pictorial gibe at the frog-eating "Mounseers" who were always threatening to cross over with their friars, and their Popish racks and thumbscrews, to build their black monasteries within sound of Bow Bells. Like John Gilpin, he is to be ranked with those train-band captains "of credit and renown" who furnished such frank laughter to the Footes and Colmans

of their day. His actual exploits, as those satirists hinted, rarely went, in all probability, much beyond the investment of a hay-stack or the occupation of an alehouse, for the "flat-bottomed boats" so frequently mentioned by Goldsmith and others never found their way into English ports, nor have we to this day—in the mixed metaphor of the "Gazetteer"—"lain down to be saddled with wooden shoes." But however we estimate the precise value of what Mr. Hosea Biglow styles "milishy gloary," there is no need why we should mock at an honourable patriotic instinct, even in a citizen-soldier. If the French had *come, doubtless Sir Dilberry would have fought as well waking as he did asleep. In any case, let us not begrudge him his long nap under the short apron of his excellent lady—surely one of the most original of Mr. Thomson's creations!*

Part of the foregoing Introduction—an Introduction of necessity somewhat invertebrate and discursive—was written in the West of Scotland. On the grey and ancient island of Iona, the author, with the rest of his party, followed the appointed Guide in the round of its venerable ruins. The Tale was of Macbeth and King Fergus; of the Cross of St. Martin of Tours (who divided his cloak with the beggar); of the stone pillow of St. Columba (in its cage of iron); of the rudely carved griffin which served as model for the monster at Temple Bar. Meanwhile, in pauses of that instructive oration —perhaps even during its progress—the eyes of the listeners wandered vaguely to the clear blue over-

head; to the patches of particoloured lichen; to the tufts of salt-fed spleenwort "in the crannied wall"; to the fringe of freckled, bare-legged children with sea-urchins and necklets of shells for sale; to the endless and inexhaustible detail, often more articulate than history, more persuasive than fact. The function of the preface-making Dryasdust is not unlike that of the topographical cicerone. He may recapitulate dates, and recount anecdotes; but his restless audience will seek for themselves, and will probably select what they admire where they have not been invited to search for it. With the conviction that such cannot lack for individual choice in the abundant invention of the designs which follow, the writer of these preliminary pages cheerfully absolves them if they should now turn—even with a sense of relief—from the comment to the text and illustrations.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

EALING, *September* 1894.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CORIDON'S SONG	1
THE ANGLER'S SONG	19
"WHO LIVETH SO MERRY"	41
"COME, SWEET LASS"	53
MORNING IN LONDON	65
A JOURNEY TO EXETER	81
"HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER"	117
"A HUNTING WE WILL GO"	125
"OH! DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?"	141
SIR DILBERRY DIDDLE	151

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Coridon's Song

PAGE

Oh, the sweet contentment The countryman doth find! . . . 3
Then care away, And wend along with me 5
His pride is in his tillage, His horses and his cart 7
The ploughman, though he labour hard 9
Yet on the holiday, No emperor so merrily Doth pass his time away 11
To recompense our tillage, The heavens afford us showers . . 13
This is not half the happiness The countryman enjoys 15
Then come away, turn Countryman with me 17

The Angler's Song

But these delights I neither wish Nor envy, while I freely fish 21
Some, better pleased with private sport, Use tennis; some a mistress court 23
Who hunts, doth oft in danger ride; Who hawks, lures oft both far and wide 25
But who falls in love Is fetter'd in fond Cupid's snare 27
My hand alone my work can do, So I can fish and study too 29
I care not, I, to fish in seas—Fresh rivers most my mind do please 31
The timorous trout I wait To take 33
But yet, though while I fish I fast, I make good fortune my repast; And thereunto my friend invite, In whom I more than that delight 35

PAGE

As well content no prize to take, As use of taken prize to make 37
The first men that our Saviour dear Did choose to wait upon Him here, Bless'd fishers were 39

"Who liveth so merry"

Who liveth so merry in all this land As doth the poor widow that selleth the sand? 43
The broom-man maketh his living most sweet, With carrying of brooms from street to street 45
The chimney-sweeper all the long day, He singeth and sweepeth the soot away 47
The cobbler he sits cobbling till noon, And cobbleth his shoes till they be done 49
The serving-man waiteth from street to street, With blowing his nails and beating his feet 51
Who liveth so merry and maketh such sport, As those that be of the poorest sort? 52

"Come, Sweet Lass"

Come, sweet lass; This bonny weather Let's to-gether 55
Come, sweet lass Let's trip upon the grass 57
Ev'ry where Poor Jocky seeks his dear 59
On our green The loons are sporting, There, all day, Our lasses dance and play 61
And ev'ry one is gay But I, when you're away 63

Morning in London

The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door Had pared the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor 67
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dexterous airs, Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs 69
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place 71

PAGE

The small coal man was heard with cadence deep 73
Duns at his Lordship's gate began to meet 75
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands 77
And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands 79

A Journey to Exeter

Headpiece 81
With early dawn the drowsy traveller stirs 83
The day that city dames repair To take their weekly dose of Hyde-Park air 85
That Turnham-Green, which dainty pigeons fed, But feeds no more: for Solomon is dead 87
Prepar'd for war, now Bagshot Heath we cross, Where broken gamesters oft repair their loss 89
Relates the Justices' late meeting there, How many bottles drank, and what their cheer 91
What lords had been his guests in days of yore, And praised their wisdom much, their drinking more 93
Next morn, twelve miles led o'er th'unbounded plain, Where the cloak'd shepherd guides his fleecy train 95
With his reed the jocund valleys ring 97
Amid three boarding-schools well stock'd with misses Shall three knight-errants starve for want of kisses? 99
The ready ostler near the stirrup stands, And as we mount, our half-pence load his hands 101
Here sleep my two companions, eyes supprest, And propt in elbow-chairs they snoring rest 103
Forth we trot 105
The maid subdu'd by fees, her trunk unlocks, And gives the cleanly aid of dowlas smocks 107
Meantime our shirts her busy fingers rub, While the soap lathers o'er the foaming tub 109
Now swelling clouds roll'd on; the rainy load Stream'd down our hats, and smok'd along the road 111
Then he that could not Epic fights rehearse, Might sweetly mourn in Elegiac verse 113
"This is the ancient hand, and eke the pen; Here is for horses hay, and meat for men" 115

"How happy could I be with either"

PAGE

"How happy could I be with either" 117
How happy could I be with either, Were t'other dear charmer a-way 119
But while you thus tease me to-gether 121
To neither a word will I say 123

"A Hunting we will go"

"A hunting we will go" 127
The huntsman winds his horn 129
The wife around her husband throws Her arms, and begs his stay 131
Away he goes, he flies the rout, Their steeds all spur and switch 133
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out, And some thrown in the ditch 135
But a hunting we will go, A hunting we will go 137
Then hungry, homeward we return, To feast away the night . 139

"Oh! dear! what can the matter be?"

Oh! dear! what can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the fair 141
At the fair 143
He promis'd he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons To tie up my bonny brown hair 145
He promis'd he'd bring me a basket of posies, A garland of lilies, a garland of roses 147
Oh! dear! what can the matter be? 149

Sir Dilberry Diddle

"O cruel Sir Dilberry, do not kill *me!* 153
For I never will leave thee, but cling round thy middle, And die in the arms of Sir Dilberry Diddle" 155
At the head of his company Dilberry came 157

PAGE

Of all the fair ladies that came to the show, Sir Diddle's fair lady stood first in the row 159

The dame gives her captain a sip of rose-water, Then he, handing her into her coach, steps in after 161

And prudently cautious, in Venus's lap, Beneath her short apron, Mars takes a long nap 163

Coridon's Song

from Walton's Complete Angler

Coridon's Song

Sh, the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find!
Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lollie lee.

That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

Coridon's Song

Coridon's Song

For Courts are full of flattery
As hath too oft been tried;
Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lollie lee.
The city full of wantonnefs,
And both are full of pride:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

Coridon's Song

But oh! the honeſt countryman
Speaks truly from his heart;
Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lollie lee.
His pride is in his tillage,
His horſes and his cart;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

Coridon's Song

Coridon's Song

Our clothing is good sheep-skins,
Grey russet for our wives;
Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lollie lee.
'Tis warmth, and not gay clothing,
That doth prolong our lives;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

Coridon's Song

Coridon's Song

The ploughman, though he labour hard,
Yet on the holiday,
Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lollie lee.
No emperor so merrily
Doth paſs his time away;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

Coridon's Song

Coridon's Song

To recompense our tillage,
The heavens afford us showers;
Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lollie lee.
And for our sweet refreshments
The earth affords us bowers;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

Coridon's Song

Coridon's Song

The cuckoo and the nightingale
Full merrily do sing,
Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lollie lee.
And with their pleasant roundelays
Bid welcome to the spring;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

Coridon's Song

Coridon's Song

This is not half the happineſs
The countryman enjoys;
Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lollie lee.
Though others think they have as much,
Yet he that says so lies;
Then come away, turn
Countryman with me.

Coridon's Song

The Angler's Song

The Angler's Song

As inward love breeds outward talk,
The hound some praiſe, and some
the hawk;

The Angler's Song

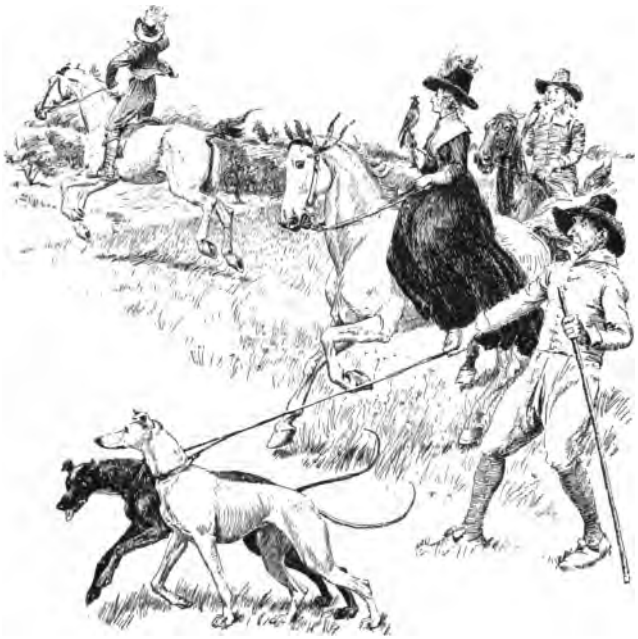
Some, better pleaſed with private sport,
Uſe tennis; some a mistreſs court;
But theſe delights I neither wiſh
Nor envy, while I freely fiſh.

The Angler's Song

The Angler's Song

Who hunts, doth oft in danger ride;
Who hawks, lures oft both far and wide;
Who uſes games shall often prove

The Angler's Song



A loſer ; but who falls in love
Is fetter'd in fond Cupid's snare :
My angle breeds me no such care.

The Angler's Song

The Angler's Song

Of recreation there is none
So free as fiſhing is alone;
All other paſtimes do no less
Than mind and body both poſſeſs;
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fiſh and study too.

The Angler's Song

The Angler's Song

I care not, I, to fish in seas—
Fresh rivers most my mind do please,
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate:
In civil bounds I fain would keep,
And for my past offences weep.

The Angler's Song

And when the timorous trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing, sometimes I find,
Will captivate a greedy mind;
And when none bite, I praiſe the wiſe,
Whom vain allurements ne'er surpriſe.

The Angler's Song

But yet, though while I fish I fast,
I make good fortune my repast;
And thereunto my friend invite,
In whom I more than that delight;
Who is more welcome to my dish
Than to my angle was my fish.

The Angler's Song

As well content no prize to take,
As uſe of taken prize to make:
For so our Lord was pleaſed, when
He fiſhers made fiſhers of men:
Where (which is in no other game)
A man may fiſh and praiſe His name.

The Angler's Song

The firſt men that our Saviour dear
Did chooſe to wait upon Him here,
Bleſſ'd fiſhers were, and fiſh the laſt
Food was that He on earth did taſte;
I therefore strive to follow thoſe
Whom He to follow Him hath choſe.

The Angler's Song

"Who liveth so merry"

"Who liveth so merry"

Who liveth so merry in all this land
As doth the poor widow that selleth the sand?
And ever she singeth as I can guess,
"Will you buy a—ny sand, a—ny sand,
mis—tress?"

Who liveth so merry

Who liveth so merry

The broom-man maketh his living most sweet,
With carrying of brooms from street to street;
Who would desire a pleasanter thing
Than all day long doing nothing but sing?

Who liveth so merry

Who liveth so merry

The chimney-sweeper all the long day,
He singeth and sweepeth the soot away:
Yet when he comes home, although he be weary,
With his sweet wife he maketh himself full
merry.

Who liveth so merry

Who liveth so merry

The cobbler he sits cobbling till noon,
And cobbleth his shoes till they be done;
Yet doth he not fear, and so doth say,
For he knows his work will soon decay.

Who liveth so merry

The merchant-man doth sail on the seas,
And lie on the shipboard with little eaſe;
Always in doubt the rock is near,
How can he be merry and make good cheer?

The huſbandman all day goeth to plough,
And when he comes home he serveth his sow;
He moileth, and moileth all the long year,
How can he be merry and make good cheer?

The serving-man waiteth from street to street,
With blowing his nails and beating his feet;
And serveth for forty shillings a year,
How can he be merry and make good cheer?

Who liveth so merry

Who liveth so merry

Who liveth so merry and maketh such sport,
As thoſe that be of the pooreſt sort?
The pooreſt sort, wherefoever they be,
They gather together, by one, two, and three.

And every man will spend his penny,
What makes such a show among a great many?

(Bis.)
from Deuteromelia, 1609

"Come
Sweet Lass"

"Come, sweet Laſs"

Come, sweet laſs;
This bonny weather
Let's to-gether;

Come, sweet lass

Come, sweet laſs

Come, sweet laſs
Let's trip upon the graſs,

Come, sweet lasſ

Ev'ry where
Poor Jocky seeks his dear,
And unleſs you ap-pear,
He sees no beauty here.

Come, sweet laſs

On our green
The loons are sporting,
Piping, courting:
On our green
The blitheſt lads are seen:
There, all day,
Our laſſes dance and play,

Come, sweet lafs

And ev'ry one is gay
But I, when you're away.

Come, sweet lass

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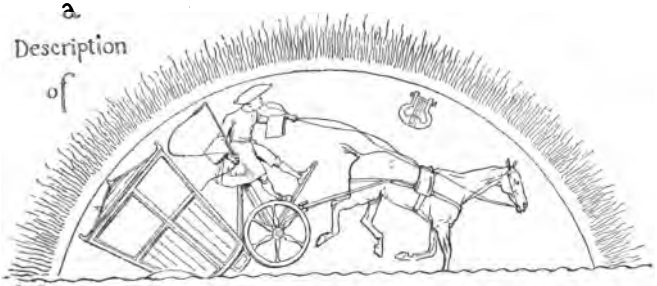


Morning in LONDON.

F

Morning in London

Now hardly here and there a hackney coach
Appearing show'd the ruddy morn's approach.
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
Had pared the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.

Morning in London

Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dexterous
airs,
Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs,

Morning in London

The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the
place,

Morning in London

The small coal man was heard with cadence deep,
'Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep;

Morning in London

Duns at his Lordſhip's gate began to meet;
And brick-duſt Moll had scream'd through half the
street.

Morning in London

The turnkey now his flock returning sees
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees;
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,

Morning in London

And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands.

Morning in London

A JOURNEY TO EXETER

A Journey to Exeter

'Twas on the day that city dames repair
To take their weekly dose of Hyde-Park air;
When forth we trot: no carts the roads infest,
For still on Sundays country horses rest.

Thy gardens, Kenſington, we leave unſeen;
Through Hammerſmith jog on to Turnham Green:

That Turnham-Green, which dainty pigeons fed,
But feeds no more: for Solomon is dead.

Three duſty miles reach Brentford's tedious town,
For dirty streets and white-legg'd chickens known:
Thence o'er wide shrubby heaths, and furrow'd lanes,
We come, where Thames divides the meads of Staines.
We ferry'd o'er; for late the Winter's flood
Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood.
Prepar'd for war, now Bagſhot Heath we croſs,
Where broken gameſters oft repair their loſs.

At Hartley Row the foaming bit we preſt,
While the fat landlord welcom'd ev'ry guest.
Supper was ended, healths the glaſſes crown'd,
Our hoſt extoll'd his wine at ev'ry round,
Relates the Juſtices' late meeting there
How many bottles drank, and what their cheer;
What lords had been his gueſts in days of yore,
And praiſed their wiſdom much, their drinking more.

A Journey to Exeter

A Journey to Exeter

Let travellers the morning vigils keep:
The morning rose, but we lay fast asleep.
Twelve tedious miles we bore the sultry sun,
And Popham Lane was scarce in sight by one;
The straggling village harbour'd thieves of old,
'Twas here the stage-coach'd lass resign'd her gold;
That gold which had in London purchas'd gowns,
And sent her home a Belle to country towns.

Sutton we paſs, and leave her spacious down,
And with the setting sun reach Stockbridge town.
O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides,
And the red dainty trout our knife divides.
Sad melancholy ev'ry viſage wears;
What, no election come in seven long years!
Of all our race of Mayors, shall Snow alone
Be by Sir Richard's dedication known?
Our streets no more with tides of ale shall float,
Nor cobblers feaſt three years upon one vote.
Next morn, twelve miles led o'er th'unbounded plain,
Where the cloak'd shepherd guides his fleecy train.
No leafy bow'rs a noon-day shelter lend,
Nor from the chilly dews at night defend:
With wondrous art, he counts the straggling flock,
And by the sun informs you what's a clock.

How are our shepherds fall'n from ancient days!
No Amaryllis chants alternate lays;
From her no lift'ning echoes learn to sing,
Nor with his reed the jocund valleys ring.
Here sheep the pasture hide, there harvests bend,
See Sarum's steeple o'er yon hill ascend;
Our horses faintly trot beneath the heat,
And our keen stomachs know the hour to eat.

Who can forſake thy walls, and not admire
The proud cathedral, and the lofty ſpire?
What ſempſtreſs has not proved thy ſciſſors good?
From hence firſt came th' intriguing riding-hood.
Amid three boarding-ſchools well ſtock'd with miſſes
Shall three knight-errants ſtarve for want of kiſſes?
O'er the green turf the miles ſlide ſwift away,
And Blandford ends the labours of the day.

A Journey to Exeter

The morning rose; the supper reck'ning paid,
And our due fees discharged to man and maid;
The ready ostler near the stirrup stands,
And as we mount, our half-pence load his hands.

A Journey to Exeter

A Journey to Exeter

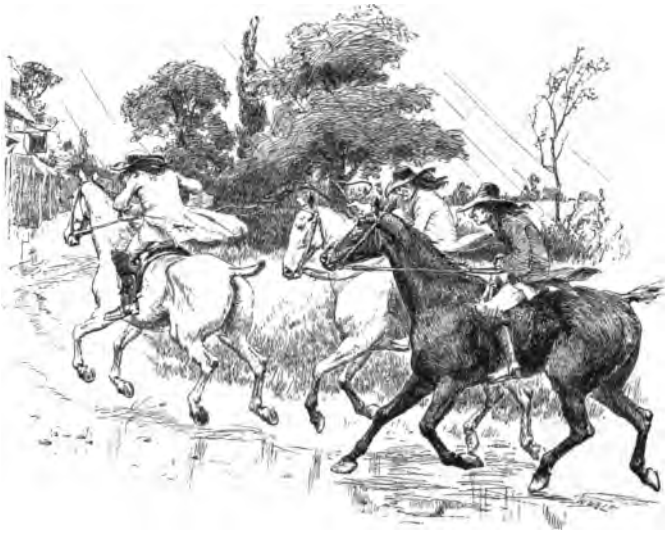
Now the steep hill fair Dorchester o'erlooks,
Border'd by meads, and wash'd by silver brooks.
Here sleep my two companions' eyes suppreſt,
And propt in elbow-chairs they snoring reſt:
I weary sit, and with my pencil trace
Their painful poſtures, and their eyeleſs face;
Then dedicate each glaſs to some fair name,
And on the saſh the diamond scrawls my flame.

Now o'er true Roman way our horſes sound,
Grævius would kneel, and kiſs the sacred ground.
On either side low fertile valleys lie,
The diſtant proſpects tire the travelling eye.
Through Bridport's stony lanes our rout we take,
And the proud steep deſcend to Morcombe's lake.
As hearſes paſſ'd, our landlord robbed the pall,
And with the mournful 'scutcheon hung his hall.
On unadulterate wine we here regale,
And strip the lobſter of his scarlet mail.

A Journey to Exeter

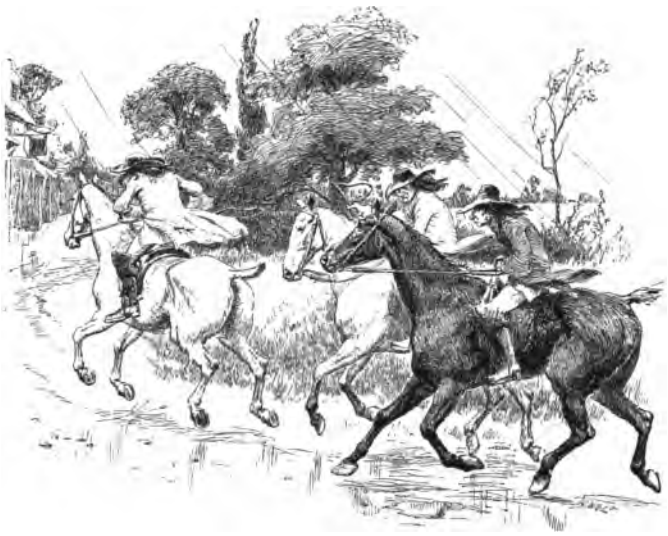
We climb'd the hills, when starry night aroſe,
And Axminſter affords a kind repoſe.
The maid subdu'd by fees, her trunk unlocks,
And gives the cleanly aid of dowlas smocks.

Meantime our shirts her buſy fingers rub,
While the soap lathers o'er the foaming tub.
We riſe, our beards demand the barber's art;
A female enters, and performs the part.
The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her skilful hand bedeck;
Smooth o'er our chin her eaſy fingers move,
Soft as when Venus strok'd the beard of Jove.
Now from the steep, 'midſt scatter'd cots and groves,
Our eye through Honiton's fair valley roves.



Behind us soon the buſy town we leave,
Where fineſt lace induſtrious laſſes weave,
Now swelling clouds roll'd on; the rainy load
Stream'd down our hats, and smok'd along the road;
When (O bleſt sight!) a friendly sign we spy'd,
Our spurs are slacken'd from the horſe's side;

A Journey to Exeter



For sure a civil hoſt the houſe commands,
Upon whoſe sign this courteous motto stands,—
"This is the ancient hand, and eke the pen;
Here is for horſes hay, and meat for men."
How rhyme would flouriſh, did each son of fame
Know his own genius, and direct his flame!
Then he that could not Epic fights rehearſe,
Might sweetly mourn in Elegiac verſe.
But were his Muſe for Elegy unfit,
Perhaps a Diſtich might not strain his wit;

If Epigram offend, his harmleſs lines
Might in gold letters swing on ale-houſe signs.
Then Hobbinol might propagate his bays
And Tuttle-fields record his simple lays;
Where rhymes like theſe might lure the nurſes' eyes
While gaping infants squall for farthing pies—
"Treat here, ye shepherds blithe, your damſels sweet,
For pies and cheeſecakes are for damſels meet."

Then Maurus in his proper sphere might shine,
And theſe proud numbers grace great William's sign;—
"This is the man, this the Naſſovian, whom
I named the brave deliverer to come."
But now the driving gales suſpend the rain,
We mount our steeds, and Devon's city gain.
Hail, happy native land!—but I forbear
What other counties muſt with envy hear.

"How happy could I be
with
either"

"How happy could I be with either"

Dow happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer a-way;

How happy could I be with either

How happy could I be with either

But while you thus teaſe me to-gether

How happy could I be with either

How happy could I be with either

To neither a word will I say.

How happy could I be with either

Ri tol de rol lol de rol li do, &c.
from The Beggar's Opera

A HUNTING WE WILL GO

"A Hunting we will go"

The duſky night rides down the ſky,
And uſhers in the morn;
The Hounds all join in glorious cry,
The Hounds all join in glorious cry,

A hunting we will go

A hunting we will go

The huntſman winds his horn.
The huntſman winds his horn.
And a hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go.

A hunting we will go

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms, and begs his stay;
My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows,
You will not hunt to-day?
But a hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go.

A hunting we will go

A hunting we will go

A bruſhing fox in yonder wood,
Secure to find we seek;
For why, I carried, sound and good,
A cartload there laſt week.
And a hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go.

A hunting we will go

Away he goes, he flies the rout,
Their steeds all spur and switch;
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
And some thrown in the ditch.

A hunting we will go

A hunting we will go

But a hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go.

A hunting we will go

At length his strength to faintneſs worn,
Poor Reynard ceaſes flight;
Then hungry, homeward we return,
To feaſt away the night.
Then a drinking we will go,
A drinking we will go,
A drinking we will go,
A drinking we will go.

A hunting we will go

"Oh! Dear!
What can the matter be?"

"Oh! dear! what can the matter be?"

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Dear! dear! what can the matter be?
Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?

He promiſ'd he'd buy me a fairing should pleaſe me,
And then for a kiſs, Oh! he vow'd he would teaze me;
He promiſ'd he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Dear! dear! what can the matter be?
Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?

He promiſ'd he'd bring me a baſket of poſies,
A garland of lilies, a garland of roſes,
A little straw hat, to set off the blue ribbons
That tie up my bonny brown hair.

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?

CAPTAI
(of
Militi
SIR
DILBERRY DIDDLE

Sir Dilberry Diddle

f all the brave captains that ever were seen,
Appointed to fight by a king or a queen,
By a king or a queen appointed to fight,
Sure never a captain was like this brave knight.

He pulled off his slippers and wrapper of silk,
And, foaming as furious as whiſkèd new milk,
Says he to his lady, "My lady, I'll go:
My company calls me; you muſt not say no."

Sir Dilberry Diddle

With eyes all in tears says my lady, says she,
"O cruel Sir Dilberry, do not kill me!
For I never will leave thee, but cling round thy
middle,
And die in the arms of Sir Dilberry Diddle."

Said Diddle again to his lady, "My dear,"
(And a white pocket-handkerchief wiped off a tear)
"To fight for thy charms in the hottest of wars
Will be joy! Thou art Venus." Says she, "Thou
art Mars."

Sir Dilberry Diddle

By a place I can't mention, not knowing its name,
At the head of his company Dilberry came,
And the drums to the window call every eye
To see the defence of the nation paſs by.

Old Bible-faced women, through spectacles dim,
With hemming and coughing, cried "Lord, it is him!"
While boys and the girls, who more clearly could *see,*
Cried, "Yonder's Sir Dilberry Diddle — that's he!"

Sir Dilberry Diddle

Of all the fair ladies that came to the show,
Sir Diddle's fair lady stood firſt in the row;
"Oh, how charming," says she, "he looks all in red:
How he turns out his toes, how he holds up his head!

"Do but see his cockade, and behold his dear gun,
Which shines like a looking-glaſs held in the sun!
Hear his word of command! 'tis so sweet, I am sure,
Each time I am tempted to call out—encore!"

The battle was over without any blows,
The heroes unharneſs and strip off their clothes;
The dame gives her captain a sip of roſe-water,
Then he, handing her into her coach, steps in
after.

John's orders are special to drive very slow,
For fevers oft follow fatigues, we all know,
And prudently cautious, in Venus's lap,
Beneath her short apron, Mars takes a long nap.